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and abbeys, which, even in their desolate destruction, exhibit such beautiful and exquisite specimens of taste and skill. Hollingshead tells us, that this city takes its name from St. Kancus, or Canice, vulgarly called Kenny, who was born in this county, and in his infancy suckled with the milk of a cow. Here are the ruins of three ancient monasteries, called St. John's, St. Francis's, and the Black Abbey, all said to have been erected by the Mareschals, Earls of Pembroke. The cathedral stands in a lonely and beautiful situation, and is a venerable Gothic pile. The castle was built in 1195, on the site of one destroyed twenty-two years before by the Irish. In the choir of the friars preachers are interred, Wm. Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, who died April, 1234, and his brother Richard, over whom was placed the following epitaph:—

"Hic comes est positus Richardus vulnere fossus, cujus sub fossa Kilkenia continet ossa."

Kilkenny and the borough of St. Canice's enjoy separate charters and privileges. On 23d March, 1650, Cromwell came before this city, and summoned it to surrender, which Sir Walter Butler bravely refused; but in a few days was obliged to capitulate, in consequence, as Cromwell said, of the treachery of the townsmen. For a view of the market-cross, taken down in 1771, and a further account of this beautiful city, see our 12th number.

#### KATE CONNOR.

"Trust me your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Grave: and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter; methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues: come," he continued, "sit down on the soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last?" enquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid, (which women by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry,) and seated herself at her godfather's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she enquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last!"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe; and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet 'Kate Connor,' I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue, (if I dare use such a phrase) may be found, in all its lustre, in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived at Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' were the orders issued, when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers: from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature. At last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—'that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.' I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some inquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. 'I cannot understand it,' he said; 'when we resided there, it was only from the pa-

pers that I heard of the "dreadful murders," "horrible outrages," and "malicious burnings." All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes—and a good tenant too—may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowances for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled joyously over potatoes and milk, as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them *desire* more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.'

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said. 'Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent.'

"Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert," interrupted my father sternly: 'I selected Mr. O'Brien: you can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party.'

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London." My father smiled and shook his head. 'The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear—' He paused, and then added abruptly, 'it is very extraordinary, often as I mentioned it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged!' He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female, who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. 'Ah then, sure ye wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the door—that's come sich a way, jist to spake tin words to his Lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hilin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore.' It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—'Holy Mary! Thank God!—'Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!' And then, in a subdued voice, she added—"Praise to the Lord!—his care never left me—and I would die content this minute—only for you, mother dear!—yourself only—and—." Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered, when they saw Kate Connor seated that evening by my side—and my father, (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us, in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"When we were in the country, we all said that the winter was come in earnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we struv to please the agent, why not? sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the likes o' me, nor wouldn't be manners, to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore—either by birth or breeding. Well, my Lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saying yer presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould Nick's born child—(Lord save us!) whin yer honor's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lie. First of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges—and thin we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O'Brien, because the goat, (and the crathur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer Lordship *minds* Father Lavery)—and the agent quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school—and would make all the children go to learn there—and then the priest hindered—and to be sure we *stud* by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering your kind honours wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up with

the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all—so grandlike—wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewel ring! so—whin he got the time o' day in his pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint—Well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night' (continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—'but ye hard it all—'twas all in the papers—and he was sent beyant seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying, to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees—praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado—but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant to turn us out—and that the cabin—the nate little cabin ye gave to my mother, was to go to the gauger.'

"He did not dare to say that!" interrupted my father proudly—he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood.'

"The word—the very word I spoke," exclaimed Kate. 'Mother,' says I, 'his lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her grey hairs to see her own boy brought to shame, without being turned out of her little place whin the snow was on the ground, in the cowl night, whin no one was stirring, to say, God save ye. I remember it well; he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket, because the bits of things were to be canted the next morning, to pay the rint of a field which my brother took, but never worked. My poor mother cried like a babby; and *happing* the ould grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token, when it was a small kit, in her apron, we set off as well as we could for Mrs. Cassidy's farm. It was more than two miles from us, and the snow drifted, and, och! but sorrow *wakens* a body, and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk: so I covered her over, to wait till she rested a bit; and sure your token, my lady, kept her warm, for the baste had the sense almost of a Christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best—(but, may be, I'm tiring your honors)—whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—

"Who is Barney, Kate?"

"I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen Kate Connor, when I asked that question—the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful. I must tell you, that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's—which, if it were not correctly put on, looked, to my taste, all the better. Her face was pale, but her fine, dark, intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression; her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—actuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying (or, as she would call it, *streeeling*) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garished with teeth which many a duchess would envy; she was sitting on a low seat, her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected; but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out;—face, forehead, neck, were crimsoned in an instant; papa turned away his head to smile, and I blushed from pure sympathy.

"Barney—is Barney—Cassidy—my lady," (she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's flounce in lieu of her apron)—and a great, true frind of—of—my mother's—"

"And of yours also, I suspect, Kate," said my father.

"We were neighbour's childer, plase your honourable lordship, and only natural if we had a—frindly—"

"Love for each other," said my lordly papa; for once condescending to banter.

"It would be far from the likes o' me to contradict yer honour," she stammered forth at length.

"Go on with your story," said I, gravely.

"I'm thinking, my lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow—O, no—he was come up with the car:—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house; and och! my lady, but it's in the walls o' the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down-running the gentry, who, to be sure, knows better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire, and dry lodgings, and share

of whatever's going—all for the love of God—and *ead, nate faile* with it. Well, to be sure, they never looked to our property; and Barney thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother, and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family; and knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same; and my own mother too, the crathur! wanted me settled; well, they all cried and wished it done off at oncet, and it was a sore trial that. "Barney," says I, "let go my hand—hould yer whisht all o' ye, for the blessed Virgin's sake, and don't be making me mad entirely,"—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting.

"Look," says I, 'bitter wrong has been done us—but no matter; I know our honorable landlord had neither act nor part in it—how could he? and my mind misgives, that my lady has often written to you, mother—for it isn't in her to forget ould friends; but I'll tell ye what I'll do—there's nobody we know, barring his reverence, and the school-master, could tell the right of it to his honor's glory upon paper; his riverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it, and the school-master's a frind of the agent's: so ye see, dears, I'll jist go fair and asy off to London myself, an' see his lordship, an' make him *smible*; and, before I could say my say, they all—all but Barney—set up sich a scornful laugh at me, as never was heard. "She's mad," says one—"she's a fool," says another—"where's the money to pay your expences?"—says a third—"and how could you find your way, that doesn't know a step o' the road, even to Dublin?"—says a fourth. Well, I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly. "I don't think," says I, "there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again. As to the money, it's but little o' that I want, for I have the use o' my limbs and can walk; and it'll go hard if one of ye's wont lend me a pound, or, maybe thirty shillings—and no one will lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing; and as to not knowing the road, sure I've a tongue in my head—and if I hadn't, the great God that taches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas, will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in him." "My heart's against it," said Barney, "but she's in the right;" and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him; "but no," said I, "I'll never do that till I find justice—I'll niver bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearthstone. I'll not be tiring yer noble honors any longer with the sorrow, and all that, whin I left them. They'd have forced me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same—but I thought it enough; and by the time I reached Dublin, there was eight of it gone—small way the rest lasted—and I was ill three days from the sea in Liverpool. Oh—when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold—my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould "to go to my parish," thin—I felt I was in the land of the cowl hearted stranger. Och! the English are a fine honest people, but no-ways tinder. Well, my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all, (and here lady Helen looked up into her god-father's face with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention) was whin I was sitting crying by the road side—for I was tired and hungry, and who of all the birds in the air drives up in a sort of a cart, but Mr. O'Hay, the great pig merchant, from a mile beyant our place.—Well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me. "Come back with me, Kate honey!" says he—"I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey; whin ye return, I'll let the boy ye know, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was pleased to say) you deserve it;" but I thought I'd persevere to the end; so (God bless him for it) he had only tin shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he had sold, at the next town; but what he had he gave me; that brought me the rest of the journey; and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope—and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful: and now, here I am, asking justice in the name of the widow and the orphan, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man; and, sure as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock

will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses; and whin he lies in his bed on his dying day, the just and holy God—My father here interrupted, and in a calm, firm voice, reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective. 'I humbly ask your honor's pardon,' said the poor girl; 'I have it all now just to God and yer honor; and shame upon me that forgot to power upon you, my lady, the blessings the ould mot'her of me sint ye—full and plenty may ye ever know,' said she from her heart, the crathur! "may the sun niver be too hot, or the snow too rowld for ye—may ye live in hono'r, and die in happiness; and in the ind, may heaven be yer b'nd."

"And now, my dear Lord," continued the Lady Helen, "tell me—if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes, and delicate accent, had thus suffered—i.e. driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land—suffered scorn and starvation—been tempted to return—but until her object was accomplished until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from impulse or principle?"

"I say," replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, "that you are a saucy gipsy, to catch me this way: fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result?"

"Instead of returning to Brighton, my father, without apprising our worthy agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland. Only think how delightful—so romantic, and so useful too; Kate, you cannot imagine how lovely she looked, she quite eclipsed Lafont. Then her exclamations of delight were so new, so curious—nothing so original to be met with, even at the soirées of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent—the joy of the lovers, and the wedding—all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien—his hands in his pockets—his fuzzy red hair sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning-furze bush, and his vulgar face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who despite his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. 'There's himself,' muttered Kate. We stopped, and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank should have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence—many of the poor men also recognised us; and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised amongst them, shouted so loudly for fair joy, that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Catherine, almost throwing herself out, exclaimed—'And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien, in the same coach wid my lord and my lady—and now we'll have justice;' at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connors and Cassidys—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction: then such a wedding! Only fancy, my dear Lord, my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor. Ye exquisites and exclusives, how would ye receive the Lady Helen Graves, if this were known at Almack's. From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we got on: the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke—and now and then, an odd dunghill too near the door—and as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time; and now will only tell you, that it is visited by both clergyman and peasant, and I only wish that all our absentees would follow our example; and then, my dear god-papa, THE

IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

\* \* In inserting the foregoing story, we deem it only fair to observe, that it was copied into Chambers' Journal without permission, or even acknowledgment, from the National Magazine, conducted by us, and to which it was sent by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

#### OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Gay Robin was a piper young,  
And many an air he play'd and sung,  
But sweetest far the love-fraught lay,  
Over the hills and far away.  
Near many a moss-clad valley wide,  
And many a streamlet's flowery side,  
He sung to maidens blooming gay,  
Over the hills and far away.

His hair hung down in ringlets fair,  
His cheeks like new-blown roses rare,  
But lo! his black eye's glancing ray,  
Stole many a virgin's heart away:  
Each, as he sweetly play'd and sung,  
Attentive on his music hung,  
And thought "with yonder minstrel gay  
"I'd o'er the hills and far away!"

At length gay Robin's youthful heart,  
Felt love's, sweet love's, delicious smart;  
A rural maid, one summer day,  
Bespoke his sweetest, lightest, lay.  
The echoing banks of winding Bride,  
To his wild music's voice replied,  
While thus he sung the maiden gay,  
Over the hills and far away.

"And, Oh! that thou wert ever mine!  
And, Oh! that thou wouldst soft incline  
Thy gentle ear—nor turn the ray  
Of that blue beamy eye away!  
My love, no minstrel's tongue can tell—  
Thy beauty binds, in potent spell,  
My captive heart—my much-sought lay,  
Over the hills and far away.

"Oh! deign to ease this cruel pain,  
And kill me not with cold disdain;  
Nor, since my heart with thee must stay,  
Expel me from such charms away!  
But shouldst thou with my suit comply,  
No pair so blest as thou and I—  
Each day I'd tune thy favourite lay,  
Over the hills and far away."

The minstrel sung—the yielding dame  
Avo'd the soft, the mutual flame,  
Declar'd with him she'd gladly stray,  
Over the hills and far away.  
Young Robin then his fair one led,  
By many a mountain's purple head,  
Enchanted with his love-fraught lay,  
Over the hills and far away.

#### LOST BOOKS OF THE HISTORY OF THE PHENICIANS.

In reference to a paragraph which has taken the round of the principal literary periodicals in Europe, Sir William Betham has received a letter from Senor da Costa de Macedo, secretary to the Royal Academy of Lisbon, stating that the story of the discovery of the translation, by Philo Biblius, of the lost books of Sanconiatian's history of the Phenicians, in the convent of St. Maria de Marenhos, at Oporto, is totally void of foundation. The paragraph alluded to was a literary hoax—there is no such convent. The Royal Irish Academy being in correspondence with most foreign Literary and Scientific Societies, have been enabled to detect and expose this stupid piece of waggery.

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